

The New Car

This was us:

When we first met I totaled my blue car
braking to a stop at a red light.

I had to rely on you for rides
whenever we wanted to do something together.
Let me clarify: something that required a vehicle.

You told me twice on the phone,
“I’m sorry, but I *really* have to go right now,”
then I pinned the mirror against the wall with my hand.
I watched red bubble out from under my dry and cracked knuckles.

That was the weekend you bought your new red car,
and my car, the one that was long gone,
joined your old green car in the graveyard of the recent past
that had recently been aborted, like everything else we shared.

I didn’t flinch when you told me about redecorating your room,
or your new phone, your mom’s new boyfriend,
or you switching your major.

I stalked bookstores, blacked out ashtrays,
tore the labels off beer bottles, and slept alone for six months.

That was me.